

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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Thorn-Drury, George

A little ark containing
sundry pieces of seventeenth-
century verse

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ROBA



AN ELEGY

In Commemoration of

Madam Ellenor Gwinn,

Who Departed this Life on the 14th of November, Anno Dom. 1687.

MUST She thus Die, has an Eternal Sleep,
Seiz'd each Great Muse, that all sad Silence keep?
Not to be Wak'd ath' Melancholy Sound
That Spread it self, enlarging all around,
And does our Hearts with Grief and Wonder Wound;
To Death's Embraces must She Yield, and Lie
Embal'm'd in Dust, without an *ELEGY*;
No, rather let me come with Tribute Verse,
And Strōw some Mourful Cypress on her Hearse:
Admit me as a Cipher here to come,
Who, though am Nothing, yet can raise a Sum.
Speak then my Muse, and Speak in such a Strain,
As may fit Audience from the World obtain.
Speak, though like Grief her self, when Clad in Woe,
To Melancholy Seats She haits, which Flow
With Floods of Tears, are hung with Weeping Eyes,
And Seal'd with Sighs and Groans that thither Rise,
Whilst Loud Laments break through and Storm the Skies;
Tell that a Glorious Beauty is with drawn
To Silent Seats of Everlasting Dawn;
Crop'd like a Gay Flower by some Rude Hand,
Or like a Blossom by the North Winds Fan'd;
As quick, as if her Fate had been in haste,
She's seiz'd Death, She upon whom were plac'd
The willing Eyes of Numbers She Receiv'd,
Could not from Death, be by their Prayers Reprev'd.
Inexorable Death, no Bribe cou'd stay
The Witty, Rich, and Beauteous must Obey,
When by him Summon'd to Eternal Day;
Yet, let's not think her Dead, who ne'r shall Die,
Till Time's engulf'd in vast Eternity.
'Tis but her Shadow that we now have left;
She left but this for a more during Coait,
And is but Freed from Troubles that were hui'd,
Like moving Storms upon the Restless World
We all must go, though all not at a time,
Some Age befriends, some snatch'd are in their Prime.
Mankind was Dust, and must be Dust again,
And all must Die, though none knows where, nor when;
So have I seen an unfix'd Star Remain,
A Time with Brightness, 'mongst the Numerous Train
Of Glittering Fires, when Darting suddenly,
It left its Sphere no more to Light the Skie

But some may Cast Objections in, and say
The'scatter'd Praises that we seek to lay
Upon her Hearse, are but the formal Way;
Yet, when we tell them She was free from Strife,
Curteous even to the Poor, no Pride of Life
E're Entertaining, but did much Abound
in Charity, and for it was Renown'd,
Not seeking Praises, but did vaill Praise dispitt,
And at her Alms was heard no Trumpets Noise.
And how again, we let them further see,
That She refus'd and hated Flattery;
And far from her Dissemblers did Command,
We may have Hopes her Fame for this may stand.
However, let the softer Beautys come,
And bring their Wreaths of Flowrs to Deck her Tomb;
Mix'd with the Mourful Ciperus and Yew;
Weep, that the Witty and the Gay withdrew.
Leaving the World so soon, let all the Train
Of those that Fed upon her Bounty Drain
Their full Eyes, and of Death's Cruelty Complain,
That he by not permitting her to stay,
Took that sad Hour, their Maintenance away.
Let all those that She has advanc'd appear,
And in their Eyes, their Silent Sorrow wear;
Till every Mourner for a time, become
Sad as her Fate, and like her Lifeless Body Domb.

EPITAPH.

IF Beauty, Wit, or Friends, had Power to save
Alive, what this Tomb does from Death Retrive,
It had not yet been here; yet Reader, spare
Not on this Dust, to drop a Friendly Tear.
'Tis only Dust lies cover'd in this Tomb,
Her Fame and Soul Employ a larger Room.

WITH ALLOWANCE.

L.E.C.
T499k

A LITTLE ARK

CONTAINING SUNDRY PIECES

OF

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY VERSE

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

G. THORN-DRURY



168636.
181122.

P. J. & A. E. DOBELL
8 BRUTON STREET, W.

1921

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To
the Memory
of
Joseph Haslewood.
1769-1833.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THOUGH serious considerations are no doubt out of place upon a frivolous occasion, I cannot refrain from saying that it is a sense, deepening with age, of the *vicissitudo rerum* that has prompted me to print this collection. The materials of it have been derived partly from MSS., and partly from printed copies which have survived in such small numbers that their continued existence must be precarious.

I have chosen pieces which for various reasons, some of them referred to later, seemed to me worthy of an attempt to preserve them. I trust, however, that no one will think I am arrogating to myself the rôle of ' feu Noé ' : I am under no sort of delusion as to the value or importance of the contents of this ark, and if they had all perished like those optimists who in the days of the Patriarch are said to have put their trust in umbrellas, I concede at once that the greatest happiness of the greatest number would not have been affected.

But this does not entirely conclude the matter. I have walked a great deal in the by-paths of seventeenth-century English verse, aided and abetted for many years by my old friend Bertram Dobell and, since his death, by his sons,¹ and on my way I have met with a number of harmless persons—" poetical antiquaries " they would have been called a hundred years ago—to whom trifles such as these have seemed of interest : to them and their like this little book is offered. To readers of this class, to some of whom, as bibliographers, the letter may occasionally be as interesting as the spirit, an editor

¹ The originals of all the pieces here printed have passed through the hands of Messrs. Dobell into mine.

owes, in my view, a duty to leave the texts as he finds them, and, in strict observance of this rule, I have abstained from any attempt to correct apparent mistakes of my authors or even quite obvious mis-prints. I have thus afforded ground for Aubrey's censure of Waller's spelling and preserved, among others, the particularly quaint word "hyemspear."

Irrelevant notes have always appealed to me: I have inserted several in the following pages.

G. THORN-DRURY.

Preludium.

An Elegie, no muse it askes a strayne
 To loose and capringe for thy stricter vayne.
 Thy thought did neuer melt in amorous fire
 Like glasse blowne up and fash'ond by desire
 The skill-full mischiefe of a Rouinge eye
 Could ne're make prise of thy white Chastitie.
 Then leaue these lighter Nombres to light Braynes
 In whome the fflame of euery Bewtye raignes
 Such as in lustes wylde fforest loue to range,
 Only pursuinge Constancie in Change.
 Let these in wanton feete daunce out their Soules
 A farther fury my raysd Spirite controles
 Which rapps me up to the true heauen of loue
 And coniures all my faculties t' approve
 The Glories of it. Now our Muse takes winge
 And now an Epode to deepe eares wee singe.

[Printed for the first time from a 17th century MS. : it is apparently a first draft of Ben Jonson's Preludium to his Epode which appeared in "Love's Martyr" and subsequently in "The Forrest." Reference to the ordinary printed text will show that, except as to the last line and a half, the two versions are entirely different.]

To his hono^r frend M^r. Phillip Massinger, having not had that iust applause for one of his playes w^{ch} was due to him.

Canst thou be troubled at the hissing croude?
 tush : let them stretch theire neckes, and hisse as lowde
 At that w^{ch} doth transcend theire valuacon,
 as that w^{ch} is belowe, theire estimacon.
 The moone hath power to worke upon the mayne
 but is not wrought upon by that againe :
 Soe thou should'st all new votes and passions swaye,
 but should'st not learne thy selfe howe to obey :
 What if the gallants like not? what if hee
 w^{ch} hath a Clearer iudgm^t censure thee?
 haueing soe ponderous a masse of flame,
 one grayne diminisht will not wronge thy name.
 That little stayne, that blur'd the rosy face
 of Cytherea, rather added grace
 then spoyl'd her beautie : yet it was a stayne
 and in a rude aspect had caus'd disdaine
 Soe that dislike w^{ch} may procure some scorne
 to meaner witts, may iustly thine adorne.
 Besides in sevrall workes of Poetrie
 'tis not as 'tis in Nature Symetrie
 ffor if one play dislike, it doth not cast
 Dislike upon that play w^{ch} pleased last
 If in a fragrant vineyard wee espie
 one withered grape w^{ch} wants maturitie,
 Wee doe not blame the soyle, or els impute
 that small defect unto the Noble roote.
 Soe if the raptures of thy sacred muse
 take us not all alike, 'tis thy Excuse :
 Thy muse is still the same, and fortune maye
 in all things eether add or take awaye.

HENERIE PARKER.

[These lines are printed from a 17th century MS. I am sorry that I cannot identify the writer of them. Gifford, in his edition of Massinger's Works (2nd ed. I. lxxi), says of his author, "It is not improbable, however, that he was now¹ labouring under the pressure of more than usual want; as the failure of two of his plays had damped his spirits, and materially checked the prosecution of his dramatic studies. No account of the unsuccessful pieces is come down to us: their names do not occur in the Office-book of Sir H. Herbert; nor should we have known the circumstance, had not the Author, with a modesty which shames some of his contemporaries, and a deference to the judgment of the public, which becomes all who write for it, recorded the fact in the prologue to *the Guardian*." The prologue to *The Guardian* (licensed Oct. 31, 1633) begins thus:—

After twice putting forth to sea, his fame
 Shipwreck'd in either, and his once-known name
 In two years silence buried, perhaps lost
 In the general opinion;

 Our author weighs up anchors, and once more

 Resolves to prove his fortune :

Fleay,² who is followed by Mr. Cruickshank,³ identifies the plays in question as *The Emperor of the East* and *Believe as You List*. Whichever be the true view, I think it is fairly safe to assume that these lines were written upon occasion of one of the failures to which Massinger alludes, and may therefore be dated, approximately, 1631.]

¹ 1632-33.—G. T.-D.

² "A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama," 1891, I., 227.

³ "Philip Massinger," 1920, p. 4.

[The Prologue and Songs between the Acts of
Walter Montague's The Shepheard's Paradise.

The Prologue.]

- Diana : What newes Apollo, from the Highest sphæres,
The noyse is such, that it hath toucht my eares.
- Apollo : Happy Diana, whome the Gods agree
Mistris of what they all doe long to see,
The Beauty of this night : all knowing Iove
Would have stole down arm'd wth the God of Love,
But Iuno iealous, wth more reason now
Then e're before, would not this stealth allow ;
This quarrell made the subiect of it knowne,
Then every one of them would have come downe ;
This equall envy keepes them all away,
For none even to be left King, there would stay ;
Soe now by this they all consented are,
Each one to put himselfe into a starre :
And thus in Gallantry each brings a light,
And waites wth it a servant to this night,
They'le give the light & leave you to preside
In vertue, but as you are Deifide ;
This is resolv'd above, & I am sent
Hither from all to make this complement.
- Diana : Heaven could have chose (Apollo) none soe fitt
As you the God of Harmony & witt,
Iuno did well, her husband would have seene
A Paradise contain'd in such a Queene :
He might have own'd this as his propper place
Alledging Heaven was truly in her face,
And all the other Gods might have staid here,
Where each one might have found a severall sphære :
So lovely & soe heaven-resembling Eyes
Might have made good their leaving of the skyes ;
You will beleive your Eyes but 'twill distresse
Even your divinest Eloquence to expresse.
What you shall see, lets yeild now to their light
W^{ch} would have made me seeme but a cloud of night ;
Let us together then now both retire,
And ioi that wee are Gods, but to admire,

The Song after the first Act.

Victorious love though it hath gott the day
 Asham'd of such a combat flies away :
 And now doth arme it selfe with sacred fire
 To goe securely from all wilde desire.
 And innocence in this unhappy strife,
 Looseth her fortune, though she save her life,
 You have beheld two Lovers soe neare death,
 By parting, as you may feare more their breath,
 Can't last to bring them back to meete againe
 Then meeting it should eithers vertue staine,
 But the effects of Absence none can knowe,
 But they that curs'd are to have knowne it soe ;
 Ambitious love wth nature oft contends,
 And soe is often cros't as it ascends ;
 But in this contestation wee shall see
 Them strive like th' elements ; but to agree.
 And soe they will not frustrate eithers use
 But somewhat of each other thus produce.

The Song after the second Act.

Heere meritorious humblenes doth rise
 Up from a Pallace to a Paradice.
 And who would call it lesse, now they have seene
 The heavenly residence of a beauteous Queene.
 There is noe Eye that wonder leaves a voyce,
 That must not be the Adorer of his Choyce.
 For every one will see that shee alone
 Was beautyes Queene before she had a throne.
 Soe beautyes partial'st servant must concurr
 She hath rais'd Beauty more then Beauty her.
 The only wonder this Choyce doth infuse
 Is that there could be such a one to chuse.
 The prooffe of the strange vertue of this place
 To ease misfortune, 's not a comon case
 They that can find out nothing heare to please
 Have a misfortune, that deserves noe ease.

The Song after the third Act.

Here frighted Innocence for succour flies :
 But is too bold in an averse disguise,
 To Beauty ; w^{ch} she seemes to take soe ill :
 She sets herselfe to crosse her dearest will
 And soe wth all the power she can make
 Attempts from Innocence her right to take
 And doth succeed ; & yet the bless'd event
 Is such : as it keepes Beauty Innocent.
 Here is much weight & heavynes put on,
 'Tis that there severall ioyes may match anon ;
 And soe each one at the appointed day,
 Will be the lighter when they throw 't away.
 Love seemes as yet declar'd all of one side,
 But by degrees he will himselfe divide :
 And equally at last, both parts will take,
 And soe loose nothing yet all gainers make :

The Song after the ffourth Act.

Here love hath met wth such a temper'd heart,
 Hee's faine to leave his nature, & use Art ;
 To get admittance, w^{ch} the soule Denyes,
 Arm'd at the Comon passage of the Eyes.
 Soe he in vertues service puts himselfe,
 And soe along by her gets in by stealth :
 Where he a servant still remains disguis'd
 Knowne but as he in vertue is compriz'd.
 You have seene others beames shine soe direct
 They seeme by that the lesse heate to reflect,
 And you have seene in the appos'd extreame
 Love shine wthout the emission of a beame.
 You have seene faith & beauty in the Lists,
 And faith some way excus'd as it resists.
 Nature at last shall leave off her disguise
 And soe both cleere, & iustefy all Eyes.

[This Prologue and the so-called Songs, hitherto unprinted, are from a folio MS. of *The Shepheard's Paradise*, which is still in its original covers, with the green silk strings attached. It was once, according to an inscription on the fly-leaf, "*The Lady Persalls Booke*," and someone borrowed it "9r ye 1st 1653": it probably is very nearly contemporary with the date of the production of the *Comedy*, as in the title-page of 1659 it is quaintly called, i.e., 8 Jan. 1633, when, after months of preparation, "the Queen's Majesty and Ladies of Honour," whose names appear in the printed edition, presented it before the King. Unhappily this performance came near to coinciding with the publication of Prynne's *Histriomastix*, in the Index to which "women actors" are given a compendious bad character, and these facts are thought to have contributed in no small degree to the passing of the savage sentence by which the author was condemned to be disbarred, to stand in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, to lose an ear at each place, to be fined £5,000 and to be imprisoned for life.

'Wat' Montague is represented to have been a confident candidate for the Laurel at "A Session of the Poets," but he is at once disposed of by "witty" Apollo's question if he understood his own Pastoral, and Patrick Carey, in his *Trivial Poems* of 1651 (ed. 1820, p. 14), asks, in the same spirit,

But tell me pray, if ever you
Read th' English of Watt Montague,
Isn't it more hard then French?

When *The Shepheard's Paradise* came to be printed, in 1659, the stationer boldly declared "'Tis known, these Papers have long slept, and are now rais'd to put on that immortality, which nothing has hitherto depriv'd them of, but their concealment": a cautious friend of his, however, who I suspect knew his Suckling, addressed some verses to him upon his publication, in the course of which he said:—

the learned and the wise
Must needs be took with deep Philosophies
And darke discourse: at least, good manners sayes,
They first should understand it, e're dispraise.

It is hoped that these *Songs*, which are by way of being comments on the text, may help to qualify the student to express an opinion.

Later in life, Walter Montague forsook the ways of courtiers and writers of masques, and joined the Church of Rome, became a wealthy Abbot, and wrote *Miscellanea Spiritualia* or *Devout Essayes* (4to, 1648 and 1653). I found a heart-shaped "patch" between the leaves of my copy, so I suppose somebody else had once tried to read it.]

A VALIANT MARTYR
A SPIRITVALL COWARD
A WEEPING CONVERT
AN ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE
AND
A HOVSE ON FIRE.

By R. D.

TO the right Ho^{bl} WILLIAM Earle of Newcastle
Viscount Mansfield Lord Boulsover & Ogle.

My honnour'd Lord.

My retyred teemming houres, weare lately deliuer'd of two births, a Valiant Martyr, and a Spirituall Coward. Unto yo^r Lo^{pp}. (whom Natiue Noblenes, and mentall worthyness haue aboue many men so enabled to distinguish all men) I most humbly present them, eether to be kill'd in their Cradle, or crown'd by yo^r Candor.

I want both the forme and the flattery wherewith custome hath habituuated Dedicationes, hauing Nothing more constant to my hope, then that Noblenes and iudgment, wherein yo^r Lo^{pp}. was pleased formerly to receaue, and accept mee.

Circumstance seldom crownes. I humbly beseech yo^r Lo^p. honnour me to read them, More, as the humblest of my seruice to receaue them, Yo^r praise, is Bayes, yo^r grace, a Garland.

And my selfe

The humblest of yo^r Lo^{pp}. honnourers

Rob. : D'auenport.

A MARTYR

Is a Diamond, and that in a double sence. The brightnes of his Patience, illuminates the darknes of his sufferings, and in his fiery tryall, he breakes before he bends. Hee is the most confident Duellist, for there is no scruple in his cause, yet crown'd wth a strang glory, for his vanquishment is his victory. Hee smiles uppon his Shackle, and is so farr from supposing it a bondage to his Body, that he beleeuēs it a Loue-token, sent him from the Sweet-hart of his Soule. Hee comes forth of his Prison, like y^e Bride-grome of y^e morning from his Pallace, And (being a Gyant in faith) reioyces to run his race. As he passes to the stake, they ieere him, he reioyces. If they aske him why, he patiently replyes The Disciple is not aboue his Master. The sight of the flaming Torch that is to fire the Pile, fires his affections, he begins to loue God more ardently and (wth Solomon) protests seriously, This is that Loue w^{ch} much water cannot quench; he was neuer so familiiar with holy flames, for his soule burnes before his Body. When he remembers that the fire must consume him, he forgetts not that of Dauid, The zeale of thyne house hath eaten mee, but quenches the terror of the thought with that truth of the Prophet, In the fire I will be with thee. They chayne his Body to the stake, and Loue lincks his soule to his sauour, w^{ch} Loue, had long since so bound his life to a good behauiour, that as then, Obedience was no bondage, so now, restraynt is no torment. Suppose him (now) a Pilgrime, bound for the Holy-Land, or rather a rich Present, bound up for a great Prince, this superscription seeming written on his amiable face, *To the King of Kinges*. They fire the Pile, and his face changes; oh the glory of the change! for (comparing this beleeu'd honour, with his owne suppos'd vnworthyness) faith at once beautifies his cheekes wth modesty, and his eyes wth Maiesty, his whole countenance (like Stephens) converts from a Mans to an Angells. Thus changing, he falls asleepe, for dye hee does not. Hee liued heere in Grace, he liues there in Glory, his life chang'd only in the Manner, not in the Matter; So that yo^u will find him certaynely aboue, in y^e celestiaall Librery, a good Booke, well translated,

Iust the same sence, put into purer language.

A Spirituall Coward.

But what is he, so struts in this large list
 y^e world? This puffe? this daring Duellist?
 Harke, how he throwes his threats! challenges three,
 y^e *World*, y^e *Flesh*, y^e *Diuell*. Doe but see
 how loftily he lookes! his active eye
 a vollume of assured victory.

Will yo^u obserue his weapons? first, he brings
 against y^e *World*. *Loue of celestiall things*.

To foyle the flesh, (and for his owne defence)
 a sword, and buckler, *Prayer and Abstinence*.

To quench the diuells fiery darts, he hath
 the exelent, well-temper'd *sheild of Fayth*.

And yet, all theise but seeming. The World layes
 wealth in his Path, and by forbidden wayes
 he stoopes, and takes it; his celestiall Loue
 converts, this starr-irreguler doth moue
 in an improper spheare, forsakes the trade
 of due pgression, and runnes retrograde.

The flesh assayles, and wounds his wanton eye
 with a loose Mistriss, he (chast sir!) thereby
 sottishly blinded, eas'ly can dispence
 wth *Prayer*, and cast a wincke on *Abstinence*.

The lyon comes, and roares; the Diuell throwes
 but one Dart, cald *Distrust*, and straight, out goes
 all this braue champions holy heate, his sheild
 of fayth fayles, and lyes traml'd on ith ffeild.

What Nation might this boaster be of? Sure
 hee's an Ephramite, and nothing truer.

Shew him his contry-men, 'twill serue as balme
 to his greene wounds; The 70 and 8th psalme
 in y^e 9th verse, presents them in theise wordes,
The Ephramites being arm'd (having sharp swordes)
and shooting in the bow (no armes they lacke)
 yet, *In the day of battayle turned back*.

So this but seemer, only for a name
 Comes on with honnour, but goes off wth shame.

So in o^r Gods great battailes, oft we see,
 the boulddest boasters, frequent failers bee.
 Promise is due debt ; yet, in his braue fight,
ffayth is our promise, but our payment—fflight.

A Weeping Convert,

*A Sinner dropps a teare, A fflye
 lights there, & sipps. Is questioned why.*

Strang Trauuyler ! whence didst thou come ? and why
 dar'st thou to drinke th' affliction of mine eye ?
 T'was not Loue wanton water, Nor let fall
 on sorrowes more absurd then rationall.
 It was no Teare of anger, nor of joy.
 my reason still cald Passions teare a toy.
 It was no duty to the Dead, and why ?
true sorrow weares not alwayes a wett eye.
 what was it then ? Thou thirsty fflye, forbear,
 It was a sad, true, penetentiall teare
 dropt on a late-comitted sin. It was
 the ieuell of mine eye eare it did pass.
 Oh how it deckt my face ! Even as it hung,
 heauen gaue th' applause, y^e very Angells sung.
 Away thou thing worse then a worme ! No more
 drinck sinners teares, least some blind soule adore
 thee as a Deity, or at the least
 saint thee for sipping Holy-water. ffeast
 no more foule ffeeder upon ffare so fine,
For Sinners when they weepe, giue Angells wine.

A Sacrifice.

Hark !
 Did yo^u not heare y^e mournfull cries
 of a new-slayne Sacrifize ?
 Would yo^u know what felt the smart ?

'twas a broaken, bleeding *Heart*.
 Burning, pure, celestiall Loue,
 was the *High-Preist*, and borne aboue
 The sharp Law, that steeres o^r Life,
 was the *Sacrifizing Knife*.
 The *Alter*, built of pretious stones
 secret sighes, true teares, deepe groanes,
 greenious groanes, fetcht farr, and low,
 Such, as none but y^e Saints know,
 The *Fire*, pure Zeale, swift of winge
 like that which eate up *Israells King*.
 Hayle holy flame ! my heart refine,
 purge it from dross, make it diuine
 Bathe it in that high-languag'd *Blood*
 w^{ch} out-speakes *Abells*, in that flood
 refine, reforme it ; fixe it farr
 aboue my sinnes a shining starr.
 Take from it folly, giue it feare,
Kill it heere, & crowne it there.

[These pieces are now first printed from Davenport's autograph MS., which consists of nine leaves, 4to, including the front-cover: it is liberally adorned with rules, initials and occasional words in red ink, but before it was bound in the boards which Sir Thomas Phillipps favoured, the last leaf containing "A House on Fire" and the back-cover had disappeared. The late Mr. A. H. Bullen knew of its existence from its having appeared in Thorpe's MS. Catalogue, of the year 1836, but when he was editing Davenport in 1890 he was unable to discover its whereabouts. It was probably then lying submerged among the countless MSS. which Sir T. Phillipps had accumulated, for it reached me after one of the sales, in 1893, at which his collections were dispersed. As it will probably be some considerable time before there is another edition of Davenport's writings, I have thought it better not to omit the prose "Character."]

The Earl of Newcastle succeeded to the title of Baron Ogle upon the death of his mother in 1629, so that this dedication must have been written between that year and 27 Oct., 1643, when he was created Marquess: it is very like that addressed to Dr. Iohn Oldesworth, before "A Survey Of The Sciences," which Mr. Bullen printed from a MS. preserved in the Cambridge University Library. (The Works of Robert Davenport, 1890, p. 319.) I am afraid I could not pray in aid what is here printed, if I were desirous of asking for some modification of my old friend's judgment of his author's poems, which he says (*ibid.* xvii.) "are couched in a quaintly sententious style that may be relished by a few curious palates, but is not likely to prove generally attractive."]

[Verses addressed to John Cleveland by the Earl of
Westmorland.

I.]

To Cleueland before y^e first interuiew at Maneby.

Though childing woemen may oft long for this
Or that nor yeild a reason why it is
Yet my desiers rank-wingd have hether flown
That I to Cleiveland, He to me were known
Whose raptures are soe elevate by art
As y^t each science in them hath its part

Ihonson. And yet in Him not got wth anvile pain
But flowing like a Torrent after rayne
W^{ch} euery one wher fancy credit getts
Striues to procuer imbankt int' Rivelets
T' imbellish his discource & make it thus
To relish & come ofe facetious.
Thers an owld Tale I did beleen but talk
That soules int' bodies Transmigrated walk
On Earth again after they had been dead
And from their proper carcass sequestred
But since y^t Eminency of strain I find
In Thee I'm grown quite of an other mind
For tis not one but all y^t ere wore bayes
Thou dost with thy Syraffick numbers rayse
Thou buildst owld Roome again, & dost rehearse
Her Antient Bards so famous were for verse
Nay; thou out bidst them wth thy genuine skill
And bringst this Ile nearer Parnassus Hill
Than Those ere dwelt, whilst y^t Thy quill may owne
To be a Pipe drawn from true Helicon.

I will not rack or torture wth delay
 The forward hopes I have put on to day
 To haue my wish but bootes & all put on
 I'll mount away to Stephen Anderson
 Whose Hospitable parts, noe other end
 Clayme but to be belou'd, & loue his frend
 W^{ch} doth soe well wth Poesy agree
 That's house may seem Apolloes nurcery
 Wher Learning's cherisht & y^e Arts reuiue
 Vnder his bounteous roofes prerogatiue
 For verses evermore delight to dwell
 With a free hart, yet in retired sell.

[II.]

To Him again in return for a letter he wrot upon y^e former.

Not like y^e bird whose bewteous train
 Being praisd is more displayd again.
 Nor of y^t Academick witt
 Is raysd by Hums to cherish it
 When (as it thriues) it must at best
 Have scratching store to mak't a Iest
 Would I appear : but Favours say
 They clayme acknowledgment for pay
 W^{ch} I heer offer to y^e skan
 Of all great Arts Leviathan
 For now I shall no longer looke
 Whence Hobbs intiteld his booke
 Though surreptitious & by stealth
 Since thou'rt above all co^monwealth
 Thy straines Monarkike, nor can bear
 Th' affront of a competitor
 Wher Science Liberall is who giues
 Not unto All prerogatiues
 Over y^e Tongue & Pen but brings
 Those best deserue to be her Kings
 Yet what are such if left alone
 Nor Honerd by subiection

Whilst 't is y^e great'st alay to power
 When ther is noe inferiour
 And nothing soe much Luster spoyles
 In Diamonds as to want their foyles.

[These two pieces are from a folio volume containing a considerable number of English and Latin verses by Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmorland, written almost entirely in his own hand. His chief claim to recognition as a poet rests upon the volume, called "Otia Sacra," which he printed in 1648: his own copy of it is now in my possession, and from the heading to some lines in his autograph upon one of the fly-leaves I am able to supply the date of his birth—Jan. 24 1601/2—which has hitherto escaped all his biographers.

The first piece is of interest, because it throws some little light on an obscure period of Cleveland's career, and because it called forth his letter to the Earl, which is to be found in the edition of his Poems published in 1656 and in most of those which succeeded it. Although it is thus easily accessible, those who have just read the Earl's lines ought not to be kept waiting to learn how they were received. "I shall not need hereafter to digest my conceptions," writes Cleveland, "I shall speak by instinct: for when you designed (*sic*—? deigned) to visit me with your lofty Numbers, what was it else but to make me the Priest of your Lordships Oracle? Such is the strength of your fancy, that methought your Poems (like the richest wine) sent forth a steam at the opening. What flowed from your brain, fumed into mine: *it was almost impossible to read your lines and be sober.*"¹ It has been seriously stated that Cleveland hastened his end by intemperance, provoked thereto by the contemptuous opinion of him and his verses expressed by the Scots General, Lesley, who could neither read nor write. This has always seemed, for various reasons, highly improbable, but it may be that the reaction set up by the Earl's approbation was too powerful to be resisted.

Manby is a hamlet in the parish of Broughton, in Lincolnshire, where, as well as at Eyworth in Bedfordshire, was seated Sir Edmund Anderson, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1582-1605. The Stephen Anderson of the text was the second son of Sir Francis, the second son of the Judge: he became, by his wife, Catharine, daughter of Sir Edwin Sandys, the father of another Stephen, who was created a baronet, 13 July, 1664. It has always been supposed that Cleveland spent a great deal of his time between the date of the surrender of Newark and his retirement to Gray's Inn in the houses of various Royalists: Stephen Anderson's, at Manby, was apparently one of them.

The second piece by its mention of Hobbes's "Leviathan," which was published in 1651, furnishes, perhaps, the approximate date of the Earl of Westmorland's intercourse with Cleveland.

The reference in the fourth line is to the practice at both Universities of expressing approbation by humming. Numerous occasions upon which it was followed at Oxford are mentioned in "Wood's Life and Times" (*Oxf. Hist. Soc.*)]

¹ The italics are mine.—G. T.-D.

AN ODE
UPON THE
HAPPY RETURN
OF
King Charles II.
TO HIS
LANGVISHING NATIONS,
May 29, 1660.

By *JAMES SHIRLEY*, Gent.
Composed into Musick by Dr. *Coleman*.
Et capitur minimo Thuris Honore Deus.
LONDON, Printed 1660

To the King.

I.

And is there one Fanatique left, in whose
 Degenerate Soul a thought can stray,
 And by the witchcraft of a cloud, oppose
 This Bright, so long expected, Day?
 Whence are these wild effects of Light,
 Emergent from our tedious night?
 Oh! can it be, those life-creating beams,
 That warm the Earth, and gild our streams,
 Purging th' infected air, our eyes, and mind,
 Making even Moles themselves to see, should strike these poor
 men blind?

II.

It will convert an Atheist to a faith
 Of the Creation, no less strange,
 Will he believe our *Chaos*, when he hath
 Read the Miracles of our change :
 In such a rout was all our Frame
 Of things, until the *Fiat* came ;
 Stoop, and lay down thy reason trifling man,
 From such account the world began,
 After a dark Abygge to shew his face,
 When natures, stiff'd in the deep, came gliding to their place.

III.

But wonder cease, the Altars call to burn
 With thanks and vows ; what sacrifice
 Can be enough, great Prince, for your return,
 Who are the Joy of Hearts and Eyes?
 Our dutie's paid to him, that is
 The Spring of Your, and all our bliss :
 Let us to Loyal *Monk* some trophies bring,
 To whom, next God, we owe the King,
 Our peace, & Princes ; and may you think fit,
 Whilest on Your Head three Crowns, on his as many garlands
 sit.

IV.

Now welcome, Royal Sir, our bells impart,
 And piles of wood, but heat and noyse :
 Then take it from the language of a heart,
 Whose crowd of wishes break into a voice ;
 And thus do upward fly. May all
 That pious men can think, or call
 A blessing, wait and watch about your throne ;
 Live long our glorious King, and be your own !
 And when time, faint with years, points to the Biere,
 Find it no loss, to be in Heaven, and *Charles* the second there.

JAMES SHERLEY (*sic*).

TO
THE PEOPLE.

Welcome thou happy day, in which was born
 The pledge of all our Joy, the Prince,
 Welcome again the same white happy morn,
 Although sad thirty winters since !
 And now I sing
 That Prince our King.
 The cure of all our wounds is He.
 Guns, every Bell,
 And Bone-fires tell
 His safe return, our Island round
 Nothing but *Charles*, King *Charles* resound.
 A joyful sight to see.

The Major, and Train of Scarlet-Brethren ride
 To meet the King, next them we told
 Five hundred more, all in their plush and pride,
 And Chains, you may believe were gold.
 Conduits made fine
 Pist Claret wine.
 The Troops and Trumpets were hard by,
 Buff and gold lace
 As thick as grass
 Triumphant march, to and agen,
 Some gallant horse, some gallant men,
 A joyful sight to see.

The Dutch at this strange turning of the stream
 Will be our Trouts another while.
 But King & Common-wealth's all one to them,
 So they may keep their Fishing still,
 Purchase and prey
 And Spawn at Sea :

But oh, the French that were so free !
 Pardonne moy,
 Excuse their joy.
 The Exil'd CHARLES this day is come,
 Who may send all the Pedlars home.
 A joyful sight to see.

The Irish, that in Usquebauh did pledge
 His Birth, their jolly tunes give ore,
 A Lord not now is master of a Hedge,
 Scarce bonny clabbor within door.
 But you that were
 No Rebel there
 May re-assume your merry glee,
 And change your tone
 Of Hone, oh Hone
 When you shall hear a voice proclaim
 Back to the Province whence you came
 A joyful sight to see.

The Scots like honest men, *Hosanna* crie,
 They knew his Father mickle well,
 And say, *God save the King* ; Amen say I,
 From such as have the trick to sell.
 There are some few
 That are true blew.
 The Welsh with joy transported be,
 Plutter and Nails
 Pless Prince of *Wales*
 Who now is King, and pright as star
 Upon the top of *Penmenmaure*,
 A joyful sight to see.

But oh, the Landlord of the Rich *Peru*
 Is sayling with his golden Fleet,
 And in a sea, of pure Canary too,
 To land his Oar at *Charles* his feet.
 Rouse from your shade
 Dull men of Trade !

The storms are laid, the seas are free,
 A peace with Spain
 Brings all again
 You shall like *Grandes* march in state
 And swim in *Rios de la Plate*,
 A joyful sight to see.

That Hand that brought our best of Kings and Men,
 Now fix him in his Royal Throne,
 That Knaves may never preach him out agen,
 Nor us into Rebellion,
 'Tis our turn now
 To Vote and Vow,
 And Justice cry our streets throughout.
 So, *Charles*, God bless,
 Queen, Dukes no less,
 And *Monk*, who has thrown off his Hood,
 And by his Prudence, without blood,
 Brought all these things about.

FINIS.

[These pieces, which escaped the diligent search of Dyce and have not, I believe, been noticed by any bibliographer since his day, are re-printed from the original tract, which consists of four leaves, small 4to.

Towards the end of the 17th century Shirley was written of by Dryden, Oldham and others in terms of, one is apt to think undeserved, contempt: a little more in this vein would have amply justified his critics.

The reference to Monk and his "Hood" was probably suggested by "The Rump Dockt," a broadside song (my copy is dated in MS. "January 26 1659"), which begins:—

Till it be understood
 What is under *Monck's* Hood
 The City dare not shew his horns:]

AN
ELEGIE,

Upon the Death of the most Incomparable,
MRS. KATHARINE PHILIPS,
The Glory of Her SEX.

But stay refined Soul ! oh ! Why so fast ?
Stop her you Clouds ; the World's in no such haste
To be undone : 'Tis hardly break of day,
And will She set so soon ; so soon away ?
You bright Intelligences, doth she stay
To hear your rowling Musique by the Way
Set to her charming numbers ; Wherein she
Distill'd the Quintessence of Poesie ?
Or doth she bayte at the Chrystalline Skye ?
We'l on the Wings of adoration flye
And follow her, and leave this gloomy shade
Which doth our sad Horizon thus invade ;
Now She hath snatch'd with her all Virtue's light,
And left the World involv'd in endlesse Night.
She, who in Tragique buskins drest the Stage,
Taught Honour, Love, and Friendship to this Age ;
Is gone to act her Part in bright attire,
With Scenes of Glory in th' Angeliq ; Quire.
She Taught the World the sweet and peaceful Arts
Of blending Souls, and of compounding hearts ;
Without th' ingredients of reserv'd intents,
Hypocrisies, and windy complements.
She taught a Way, and that a glorious one,
Not how to gain, but be above a Throne :
Self-conquest is more glory, than to ride

In *Roman* Triumphs, with *Æmilian* Pride.
 Her inward Pomp, through (*sic*) her Fleishy Shrowd
 Did like the Sun oft glitter thorough (*sic*) a Cloud.
 Her Vertues were in Conversation drawn,
 And shew like Arras, through transparent Laun.
 But ah! her Friends, that in her Bosom came,
 Lay wrapt in Spices, in a purer Flame
 Than that the *Phœnix* dyes in. Now she's gone!
 Here, *Plato*! here's thy wish't for Vision!
 When she put off her Clay, thou might'st have seen
 Vertue undrest, just like a Naked Queen.
 Thou would'st not then contemplate any more
 Thy Dusky vain *Idea*, nor would'st pore
 On such fictitious Bliss; but here should'st ply
 The summe of thy Divine Philosophy.
 But is she gone, said I? It cannot be;
 She who espous'd all Immortality:
 But read her Lines, you'd think that such a Soul
 Could her Imperious Destiny controul:
 That so Sublime, so brave a Mind, could soon
 Vault o're that Fate, that rules below the Moon.
 Ah! 't must not be! *Death* vizards Humane Glory,
 And writes a period to the finest Story.
 This Prodigie of Nature now is gone,
 And left Us wrapt in Admiration,
 That she could dye; as we're before to see
 That such Perfection in her Sex could be.
 As for her Name, let that b' inshrin'd above
 In some Bright Temple of Cælestial Love;
 Whether our Winged Thoughts may often stray,
 As Soaring Pilgrims Adoration pay.
 And whilst her Sparkling Soul is Orb'd in Light,
 And reads her old *Ideas* in more bright
 And fair Impressions in th' *Ætherial* Mind,
 Than those brief Copies that she left behind:
 We will commit her ever Sacred Dust
 Not to the Marble's, but *Apollo's* Trust.
 And *Poets* Ghosts shall from *Elizium* come,
 To hear Bright Angels warble in her Tomb

Her high-born Songs ; which hence shall Envy fan
 And soaring Fame shall be her Guardian.
 Instead of Tapers, where shall ever burn
 Th' inflamed Hearts of Lovers in her Urn.
 And since our short-wing'd Pray'rs are come too late,
 And she must bow to th' Tyranny of Fate ;
 Her Noble Thoughts, that fixt on bravest Theams,
 Shall vapour forth in Sublimated Streams
 Of Honour ; which Heroique Breasts shall draw,
 Whose Swords and Pens must give the World a Law.
 Her Sacred Dust, calcin'd by Time, shall be
 The Richest Filings of High Poesie,
 And from her Brain, and Muses Tears, shall spring,
 Posies for each chast Lovers Wedding Ring.
 Her all disperst, at last shall meet in one,
 And shine a Glorious Constellation.

By J. C.

Her EPITAPH.

*A Sparkling Angel was of late
 Toying with the Bands of Fate ;
 He left the Quire, and came below,
 And strove to walk Incognito.
 To write, and live, like us he try'd ;
 But when he saw that he was spy'd,
 He made the World believe he dy'd ;
 And hid himself behind this Tomb,
 Which is Death's shady Dining-Room.*

Another.

*All that the World could boast of, here is found
 Under this Tomb, so Mines run under Ground;
 Love, Honour, Friendship, and Sublimest Wit,
 Are here leapt off the Stage into the Pit.
 Fine Shews and Scenes they are, but vanish all
 When from Dark Clouds, Fate lets a Curtain fall.
 The Play is ended, and the Musique's done,
 The Curtain's here let fall, and she is gone.
 Let's often think of Death, which thus we see
 Can cloze up Natures rarest Harmony:
 Let's strive the Great Spectator most to please,
 And Angels then will give us Plaudite's.*

[Reprinted from the original broadside, a folio-leaf surrounded on three sides and partly divided by heavy black rules, with an arch-shaped block " of the same " at the top.

Mrs. Philips, " the matchless Orinda," died 22 June, 1664, in her thirty-fourth year.

Although it is here said of her that she " in tragique buskins drest the Stage," the only piece of hers which is known to have been played is " Pompey," a translation of Corneille's play, which was produced in Dublin in February, 1663.

Anyone who is disposed to think these verses unduly extravagant, should look at those, by better known writers, which are prefixed to the first authorised edition (1667) of Orinda's Poems, and particularly at Cowley's: in his mind, too, Mrs. Philips, both in person and in her poems, was associated with heaven and its inhabitants, though, it must be confessed, he stops short of the angel *incognito* of the first Epitaph, and the ingenuous profanity of the second, with its divine spectator and angelic *claque*.

If one did not distrust and dislike the practice of filling out initials with any names that fit them, it would be easy to suggest that this elegy is the production of John Crouch—it is certainly not beneath his level—but I prefer to acknowledge that I cannot identify J. C.

In 1679 there appeared a small volume entitled " Female Poems. By Ephelia;" this name has been said, I know not upon what grounds, to represent one Joan Philips. This Joan Philips Mr. Gosse¹ thinks may have been the daughter of Orinda—she had but one—who eventually married Mr. Lewis Wogan, a gentleman of Wales; but, happily for the credit of the family, Mrs. Wogan's name was Katherine, and the author of this book, who was alluded to by Robert Gould as " Ephelia, poor ragged Jilt," must be sought elsewhere.]

¹ Seventeenth Century Studies, 1883, p. 227.

AN
EGLEY
UPON THE
Most Execrable MURDER of
Mr. CLUN,
On of the *COMEDDEANS* of the THEATOR ROYAL,
Who was Rob'd and most inhumanely Kill'd on Tuseday-night
being the 2^d of *August*, 1664, near *Tatnam-Court*, as he was
Riding to his Country-house at *Kentishtown*.

Mourn Royal Stage, your Poets pens implore,
To cease to write, since *Clun* can be no more;
Turn all your *Sceans* to black, and let them be,
The Emblimes of our cares; *Cluns* Tragedy:
Go hide your Tapestry, and Clothes of green,
Act now on black, *Clun* will no more be seen.
Be dumb you drolling *wits*, not sighing stand;
For *Comick Clun* that dy'd by *Tragick* hand.
Mirth learn to mourn, and banish all our Smiles,
Since *Clun* has plaid the last of his *Beguiles*:
How can my pen bid thy last *Rights* adue,
When I want words to set thy fames forth true;
'Tis beyond *Prose*, or Art of humane *Verse*,
Thy taking-Humours to their worth rehearse.
Dye all desire of seeing more the *Stage*,
Now thou art dead, the Mirrour of our Age;
For in thy Action all our joyes were seen,
Nor wert thou less to either *King* or *Queen*.
Thou who in polished words, and Womans dress,
Didst Lovers passions to the height express;

And made us weep, at seeming sorrow swell,
 To hear and see like truth a Fiction fell :
 And when we frown'd at some prodigious birth,
 Thou in a moment chang'd that *Scean* to mirth ;
 Then *Smug* and *Bessus*, *Faulstaff* and the rout
 Broke from thy Lips, to make us face about :
 Blind in our haste, will *Bessus* run away ?
 Yet in the mouth of danger get the day ;
 And thy *Lieutenant* in his *Drink-mad-fight*.
 To gain those *Trophies* which was but thy right.
 O ! but *Iago*, when we think on thee,
 Not to applaud thy vice of Flattery ;
 Yet must that Part never in our thoughts dye,
 Since thou didst Act, not mean that Subtilty :
 Thou all of all, and only Actor he,
 That ere trode *Stage* in *English* Comedy.
 But Hellish Fiends, what Devil reign'd in you,
 To Rob and Murder him that fed you too ?
 Could not his Money your curst spleen abate,
 Without he fell a victive (*sic*) to your hate ?
 What Execrations shall my pen indite,
 Against such Rogues that Eclips'd *Clun* our Light ?
 Plagues worse then *Egypt's* be your portion here,
 And may you never mount Heavens Hyemspear :
 Could I say more, or wish you worse I would,
 Therefore ile hold, for fear I wish you good.
 But Oh, black death, something Ile say of thee,
 For thou didst act among this treachery,
 And thy hand did seal our poor *Clun's* death,
 Who oft us pleas'd with (that you took) his breath :
 O thou unkind and mortal foe to man,
 Who still art blind, yet checks all thou can.

London, printed by *Edward Crouch* dwelling on *Snow-hill*.

[Reprinted from the original folio-leaf, which is surrounded by heavy rules relieved by thin white lines.

In addition to the parts indicated above, Walter Clun is said by Downes¹ to have played Cacafo in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," but neither he nor Genest mentions the fact that he once appeared in female characters. According to Pepys,² he also excelled in the part of Subtle in "The Alchemist."

Pepys also provides the only information, outside this elegy, which I have been able to find about Clun's end, but his account is not so clear as could be wished. To begin with, he says that the murder was committed on Aug. 3, but as the elegist mentions correctly the day of the week, one is rather disposed to accept his date. Clun, it seems, had stayed in Town drinking with a lady friend, and on his way home was set upon, wounded in the arm, robbed, bound and laid in a ditch, where he died from loss of blood occasioned by his struggles to free himself. One of his assailants, "an Irish fellow," was taken.

It is difficult to make out whether Pepys means to say that Clun was accompanied by the lady (that, by the way, is not exactly what he calls her), or had left her, or whether he (Pepys) was told how the murder was discovered, or the footpads that the actor was benighted.]

¹ Roscius Anglicanus, ed. 1789, p. 12.

² Diary, ed. Wheatley, IV. 208, viii. 297.

[On the Marriage of Sir John Denham.

By Edmund Waller.]

me thinks hir bewty should reuiue his quill
 The prospects fayrer then his Coopers hill
 Since he that mountain for pernassus tooke
 Why should he not for hellicon this brooke
 At once the poet for declining age
 has gott a staffe & subject for his rage
 why should men wounder att this marriage thus
 The prouerb makes the lame man lecherous
 Wisely the nimph has made her choyse of one
 who can not after other bewtys runn
 Suppose he had nor foot nor t'other limbe
 he that can neither stand nor goe may swim
 'Tis said he had the royal leaue to woe
 he that asks leaue of right should giue it too
 The cours of brookes no person should restrain
 Through seuerall grounds they rowle into y^e main
 Those streams of christall like the light & winde
Enjoy'd may be but should not be confinde
 To be the wife of him w^{ch} downright halts
 both sets of virtue & excuses falts.

[Printed, it is believed for the first time, from the original autograph MS. Aubrey says of Waller, " Yet notwithstanding his great witt and mastership in rhetorique, etc. he will oftentimes be guilty of misspelling (*sic*) in English. He writes a lamentably (bad) hand, as bad (as) the scratching of a hen." (" Brief Lives," ed. Clark, II. 277.) The poet's handwriting is not nearly so bad as the description would suggest, but I am afraid these lines afford some justification for the criticism of his spelling.

Sir John Denham married Margaret, third daughter of Sir William Brooke, at Westminster Abbey on May 25, 1665. He was then fifty years of age, but people believed, or affected to believe, that he was very much older : according

to Grammont (Memoirs, ed. Goodwin, I. 173), he was seventy-nine, while Aubrey ("Brief Lives," I., 219) says that he was "ancient and limping." In early June of the following year Lady Denham was insisting upon public recognition as mistress of the Duke of York,¹ but these lines seem to lend colour to the idea that the intrigue had begun before her marriage.² On Jan. 6, 1667, she was dead, "not without suspicion of poison," and her husband, the Countess of Rochester, acting for and on behalf of the Duchess of York, and the Duchess herself were, each in turn, suspected or even accused of her murder. Readers of annotated editions of Grammont are familiar with the various suggestions which were made, some of which, later, found their way into print. The following direct accusation in an almost contemporaneous publication will be new to most people. In the year 1668 there appeared a thin 8vo tract, entitled "Vox & Lacrimae Anglorum: Or, The true Englishmens Complaints, To their Representatives in Parliament. Humbly rendred to their serious Consideration at there (*sic*) next sitting *February* the 6th 1668." There is no place or printer's name, and the poem has been ascribed, impossibly, as I venture to think, to George Wither, but one ought to say that Mr. Pulham, who devoted much time to the study of Wither and his works, admitted it as his, and wrote in his own copy that he had never seen another. I have what is described on the title-page as "The second edition, with marginal remarks explaining the Historical Passages," in which, on p. 9, occurs the line

Why second (q) *Rosamond* is made away?

with the corresponding note

" (q) Par amour to Henr. II., whom the Queen, finding in her labyrinth, dispatched, as the Dutchess served Madam Denhan (*sic*) lately."

It is not perhaps surprising that I am able to say of my book that I believe no one has ever heard of another copy.

I cannot light on the proverb referred to in l. 8, though the idea is sufficiently familiar: cf. "Pourquoy est ce que les boiteux sont plus salaces et luxurieux que ceux qui ont les jambes egales et entieres?" Sc. Dupleix, *La Curiosite Naturelle*, 1625.]

¹ Pepys. Diary, ed. Wheatley, V., 321.

² See also Grammont. Memoirs, ed. Goodwin, I., 171.

AN ELEGY

Upon the Death of

S^R. WILLIAM DAVENANT.

*If those Great Heroes of the Stage, whose Wit
 Swells to a wonder here, shall think it fit,
 When Poet Lawreat's dead, that he should ly
 Twelve days, or more without an Elegie :
 I that am less, presume to undertake,
 A short Memorial for their credits sake.*

Death in the shape of a thin Poet's come,
 To summon *Davenant* to Elyzium :
 Sent for by strict Express, for to appear
 Upon the Stage of *Tempe's* theatre.
 His Voice compleats the Chorus among those
 Who sing the Numbers they themselves compose,
 Now *Davenant* is arriv'd, the Fields and Plains
 Resound unto his Welcome, Lofty Strains.
 For every Poet there it shall be free
 To raise his Joy unto an Extasie.

Imagine him encircled in a Sphere
 Of those Great Souls who once admired him here :
 First, *Johnson* doth demand a share in him,
 For both their Muses whip'd the Vice of time :
 Then *Shakespeare* next a Brothers part doth claim,
 Because their quick Inventions were the same.
Beaumont and *Fletcher* their Petitions joyn,
 This, for clear Style, that for his deep Design :
Tom Randolph asks a Portion 'mongst the rest,
 Because they both were apt to break a Jest.
Shirley and *Massinger* comes in for shares,
 For that his Language was refin'd as theirs :
 Laborious *Heywood*, witty *Brome*, and *Rowley*,
 The learned *Chapman*, and ingenious *Cowley*.

Ask their proportions as they've gain'd applause,
 By well observing the Drammatick Laws :
 Last, Sir *John Sucklin* saith his Title lies,
 Because they both (were Knights, and) writ concise.

Thus the Experienc'd *Davenant* did ingross
 A Soul of Wit divided among those,
 Whose pregnant Muses have, from age to age,
 Fix'd swelling Glories on the English Stage.
 A Mirrour of the World, that it might see
 Virtues sweet looks, Vices deformity.
 And all is in one moment gone, since now
 The Lawrels snatch'd from mighty *Davenant's* brow,
 For ever wither'd must neglected ly,
 T' impale the head of Nights obscurity.

But soft—yon black Chymæra sure doth bear
 The Muse of *Davenant* through the yielding air ;
 Through clouds of Melancholy she is brought,
 Clad in a weed of discomposed thought :
 A pendent brow hath hid her smiles, as if
 It were a sable Vail, and not a Grief :
 Her arms (without Bracelets of mirth) across :
 And thus she doeth bewail her *Davenant's* loss.

“ Engins of Fancie, crack, and now let loose

“ Spirits of Ignorance, that shall reduce

“ The World to its first chaos, that not one

“ But shall drink Lethe 'stead of Helicon.

Down with Parnassus, and thou Great Apollo,
 Patron of Arts, I need not wish thee follow
 This wrack of Time ; for when it shall be said
 With one poor moments breath that *Davenant's* dead
 Thou wilt resign that happy place, and leave
 Practise of Arts. and onely learn to grieve.
 See here Heroick Tragedie, hard fate !

None to assume her Crown or Robe of state.

Comedie wants a head, on which to place
 Her worthy Wreath of almost fading Bayes.

Now thou (Great Soul) art gone, who shall maintain
 The Learned Issue of thy pregnant Brain ?
 Thy *Lovers* (now so different is their state)
 Are both Platonick and Unfortunate,

Thy *Cruel Brothers* smooth designs shall be
 Laid open to Times greater Cruelty.
 Now Ignorance is loose, it is a wonder
 If *Madagascar* do avoid a Plunder :
 Since *Rhodes* it self will be besieg'd again,
 Nor can great Numbers such a foe restrain.
 How canst thou hope that any should escape,
 When on thy *Witts* it will commit a rape?

Since *Davenant's* dead, I can forget my birth,
 And in that rocky substance of the earth,
 I'll cut my passage deeper than the seas,
 And whisper something to th' Antipodes
 Shall raise Imagination to conceit,
 There are no Gods, but *Poets Laureat*.

The EPITAPH.

Here lyes a Subject of Immortal praise,
 Who did from *Phæbus* hand receive his Bayes :
 Admir'd by all, envied alone by those
 Who for his Glories made themselves his foes :
 Such were his virtues that they could command
 A General Applause from every hand :
 His *Exit* then this on Record shall have,
 A *Clap* did usher *Davenant* to his Grave.

FINIS.

[Reprinted from the original folio-broadside, of which there is no copy in the British Museum.

Sir William Davenant, who had succeeded Ben Jonson as Poet Laureate in 1637, died 7 April, 1668, and "was bury'd in *Westminster-Abbey*, near Mr. Chaucer's monument, our whole Company¹ attending his funeral."

"The Cruell Brother" was printed in 1630, "The Witts" and "The Platonick Lovers" in 1636, "Madagascar and other Poems" in 1637, "The Unfortunate Lovers" in 1643, and "The Siege of Rhodes," Part I., in 1656, Part II., in 1663.

In case Davenant should ever be edited, it may be useful to point out that "Gondibert Vindicated" is the work of Edmund Gayton.]

¹ i.e., of the Duke of York's Theatre—Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, ed. 1789, p. 40.

AN ELEGY,

Upon that Incomparable *Comedian*,*Mr.* EDWARD ANGELL.*Written by C. B.*

Hang the Stage all in black ; this sable night
 Hath brought a deluge, caus'd an Angels flight.
 Before Creation, Heav'n lost an Angel thence ;
 Our Stage's *Angel* hath made his *Exit* hence.
 His pregnant Actions of Transcendant Wit,
 Rung Peals of Mirth, in *Gallery*, *Box*, and *Pit*.
 He was the best of *mimiques*, and took's Degree
 Master of Art, in every Comedy.
 To hear his Mimick voyce, which did dispense
 Divertisement to all Spectators sense.
 It fill'd 'em with amazement to behold,
 What actions sprung from his corporeal mold.
 His loss is felt at Court, where it does move
 The Great Ones there, like the true Soul of Love.
 The City too bewails : And now in lieu
 Of former Mirth, from them drop showers of Dew.
 He was the Poets Darling, not one but wears
 Clouds on his brow, his eyes flow seas of tears.
 The Actors all, at Fate's so swift command,
 Are turn'd some Ghosts ; others like Statues stand.
 Who shall play *Stephano* now ? your Tempest's gone,
 To raise new Storms i' th' hearts of every one.
 Farewell Dufoy ; That Comical revenge,
 That always pleasing Play, is now unning'd.
 Adieu, dear *Friskin* : Unfort'nate Lovers weep,
 Your mirth is fled, and now i' th' Grave must sleep.
 No more to *Epsom* ; Physicians try your skills,

Since *Fribble* now has ta'n his leave o' th' Wells.
 His parts too numerous were for Elegy,
 And Scenes too Comical to be express'd by me :
 Let best of Poets do't, it shall suffice
 I on thy Grave this Epitaph Incize :

EPITAPH.

*Here lies Ned Angel, who rul'd as he thought fit,
 The English Stage of Comick, Mimick Wit.*

[Reprinted from the original small-folio broadside, hitherto, I believe, quite unknown.]

Angel was originally an actor of female parts, and was a member of Rhodes's Company, which Davenant may be said to have taken over. He became later a "clown." This elegy adds to our knowledge of him, his Christian name and the facts that he succeeded Price in the part of Dufoy in *The Comical Revenge*, and played Stephano in *The Tempest*, by which may be understood Dryden's version of 1667, or Shadwell's operatic version of 1673, or perhaps both. Friskin and Fribble are characters in Davenant's *Unfortunate Lovers* and Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*.

It may be doubted if Angel was quite so much "the Poet's Darling" as C. B. would have one believe, for Mr. Montague Summers¹ is of opinion that Mrs. Behn is speaking of him when, in the Epistle to the Reader before *The Dutch Lover*, after complaining that the play was "hugely injur'd in the Acting," she goes on to say—"My *Dutch Lover* spoke but little of what I intended for him, but supplied it with a great deal of idle stuff, which I was wholly unacquainted with until I heard it first from him; so that Jack Pudding was us'd to do : which though I knew before, I gave him yet the Part, because I knew him so acceptable to most o' th' lighter Periwigs about the Town, and he indeed did vex me so, I could almost be angry : Yet but Reader, you remember, I suppose, a fusty piece of Latine that has past from hand to hand this thousand years they say (and how much longer I can't tell) in favour of the dead. I intended him a habit much more notably ridiculous, which if it ever be important was so here, for many of the Scenes in the three last Acts depended upon the mistakes of the Colonel for Haunce, which the ill-favour'd likeness of their Habits is supposed to cause."

Mr. Summers's view is confirmed by the fact that Angel's name does not appear in any list of *Dramatis Personae* after 1673; it is therefore perhaps permissible to consider this elegy as of that year.]

¹ *The Works of Aphra Behn*, 6 vols, 1915. See I., 220, 225.

AN ELEGIE

On the DEATH of that Incomparable POET

ROBERT WILD D.D.

Who departed this Life *August* the 12th 1679.

Ah ! who can hold ! that all men silent are
 When our great loss in him's beyond compare :
 He was the only Modern Man that writ
 Rhime and good solid Sense ; not flashy Wit :
 He was jocose and serious : No man could
 Write so well to please men and yet so good.
 His Aim and great Design was by his Verse
 To bring to life the unwieldy Universe,
 If possible : He coveted to win
 More Souls to God, than th' us'rer Bags of Sin.
 His Preaching, when he first was National,
 Was sound and learned, and well pleased all ;
 And since restrain'd he did continue still, }
 Gravely advising men against all ill }
 And persevering in his work, Gods will }
 To make known to his people, whom he deem'd, }
 Himself yet bound to succour, though it seem'd }
 To some as if he thereby disesteem'd }
 Humane Authority.
 But let such Dons, as thought him thus affected
 Read all his Poems, which, though now rejected,
 Do plainly shew no man more Loyal was ;
 Nor more bewray'd the Cheats o' th' Good Old Cause,
 Than he, whose business was still to prevent
 Their cursed and unnatural intent
 Against their then Supreme and Nat'ral Lord,
 In whose Blood afterwards their hands they gor'd : }
 Ah ! how much he this fatal Act deplor'd ! }

None more rejoyc'd at our now Kings returning,
 Though he got by't, as *London* did by Burning.
 He bore his Losses cheerfully, for that
 He knew his Duty to his King, and what
 He could not turn with th' change o' th' times for ; Not }
 That he was prejudic'd 'gainst Government,
 But always was thereto obedient,
 As knowing 'twas of God for good to's sent.
 His Works do illustrate his Worth,
 And his true Genius to the World set forth ;
 That him to praise, who 'th such an Advocate
 Were to diminish, not sup'rerogate.
 I dare not speak more of him, having said
 What does but lessen him, and take from the dead,
 Which is the extremest piece of Cruelty
 That e're was done by any man but me :
 But since this work was by none undertaken,
 That by his loss the World could better waken :
 First I herein my Zeal for him express,
 Though in a poor, sordid, and homely dress.
 The Saints cannot add to the Glory above,
 Nor set it out to th' full, yet Divine Love
 Accepts their Services, and them repays
 With an Eternal Crown of radiant Bays.
 More glorious far than the Suns high-noon Rayes.
 Then the world hereby has Intelligence
 Of's Fate, which brings them to a deeper sence
 Of Judgments that are nigh, and may them urge,
 Themselves in true Repentance to immerge,
 Whereby impendent Judgments may be stay'd,
 If not remov'd ; wherein the Lord us aid
 To do't sincerely.
 And more I deem'd it my Duty, since none }
 Their Love to him in Elegy had shown, }
 My self to sit down, and to write him one. }
 This charges the ungrateful men o' th' Town, }
 Who to be thought Wits by his Works are grown, }
 Now to lye still, and not their Debts to own. }
 I'll say no more but this, now he is gone,

I do despair of ever finding one
 So mixt with Fansie and sound Judgment, as
 He our now much lamented Poet was.

HIS EPITAPH.

*Here lies that learned, witty, grave, wise Wild,
 Who serv'd his God, King, Country, from a Child:
 He bogled not in Times great alteration,
 But still was true, without Equivocation,
 To th' Kingly Government o' th' English Nation. }
 He was a Loyal Presbyter, and this
 A Wonder almost past our credit is.*

FINIS.

[Reprinted from the original broadside, which is surrounded and divided by rules, and has a head-piece which seems to represent the effect of a violent explosion; bones, shovels and pick-axes are being hurled in all directions, while a winged hour-glass has just settled down on the top of a skull in their midst.

Although there are many broadsides in the Luttrell Collection by and relating to Wild, this does not appear among them.

According to the Dictionary of National Biography, Wild was buried at Oundle on 30 July, 1679, but the date given above as the date of his death is confirmed by an entry in Thoresby's Diary.¹

The statement that Wild, notwithstanding his loyalty, profited no more by the Restoration than London by the Fire, is borne out by the fact that in 1662 he was ejected from his living at Aynhoe, under the provisions of the Act of Uniformity.

Oldham followed Dryden in decrying Wild, as he had followed him in decrying Shirley, but it would be unjust to accept their contemptuous estimate of his poems. He had a keen sense of humour which would always have saved him from writing the preposterous nonsense which is to be found in some of Dryden's plays, and it would have been well for Oldham if he had had half so good an ear. An attempt has been made to rob Wild of one of his most vigorous pieces, "The Cock-fight," and to transfer it to Taylor, the water-poet, or to Randolph; a distinct admission of Wild's authorship may be found in "Moon-shine: . . . Being an Answer to Dr. R. Wild's Letter, &c. and his *Poetica Licentia*, &c. . . ." 4to, 1672, p. 37, written by his antagonist Eachard.]

¹ Thoresby's Diary, ed. Hunter, I. 31 and note.

A
PROLOGUE

By Mrs. *Behn* to her New PLAY,

CALLED

Like Father, like Son,

OR THE

Mistaken Brothers,

Spoken by Mrs. *Butler*.

Lord what a House is here, how Thin 'tis grown ! }
 As Church 'ere Conventicling was put down : }
 Since all the Brave are to *Newmarket* gone ! }
 Declining States-men are abandon'd too,
 Who scarce a Heartless *Whigg* will Visit now :
 Who once had Crowds of Mutineers in Fashion,
 Fine drawn in Cullys of th' *Association* :
 Sparks, Iustices and Iurymen by Dozens,
 Whom his perverted late (*sic* : ? tale) betrays and Cozens.
 But change of Scene, having unvail'd their Cheats,
 Pensive State Puss alone, Majestick Sits ;
 Purr's on his pointless Mischiefs, tho' in vain ;
 Verses are all the Darlings of his Brain.
 So we who having Plotted long to please,
 With new Parts, new Cloathes, new Face, new Dress ;
 To draw in all the yielding Hearts o' th' Town,
 His Highness comes and all our Hopes are gone.
 Ah Fickle Youth, what lasting Joys have we, }
 When Beauty thus is left for Loyalty ; }
 I would to Heaven ye had been all *Whiggs* for me : }
 Whilst Honest *Tory* Fools abroad do Roame,
Whigg Lovers slay (*sic* : ? stay) and Plot, and Love at
 Home.

Nay one Advantage greater far than this,
 The Party helps to keep their Mistresses.
 The Devils it't (*sic*) if I'm not Fine and Vain,
 Whom publick Bank Contribute to maintain.

Epilogue spoken by Mr. Gevan.

And now *Messiers*, what do you say,
 Unto our Modern Conscientious Play?
 Nor *Whigg*, nor *Tory* here can take Offence,
 It Libels neither Patriot, Peer nor Prince.
 Nor Sheriff, nor Burgess, nor the Reverend Gown;
 Faith Here's no Scandal worth Eight Hundred Pound, }
 Our Damage is at most but Half a Crown.
 Only this Difference you must allow, }
 That you receive th' Affront and pay us too; }
 Would some Body had manag'd matters so. }
 Here's no Reflection on Damn'd Witnesses, }
 We scorn such out of Fashion things as these, }
 They fail to be Belov'd, and fail to Please.
 No *Salamanchian* Doctorship's Abus'd,
 Nor a Malitious State'man here Accus'd.
 Tho' here are Fools of every Fashion,
 Except State Fools, the Fools of Reformation.
 And these Originals decline so fast,
 We shall have none to Copy by at last.
 There's *Joe* and *Jack* a pair of Whining Fools { Pointing at
 And *Leigh* and I, Dull, Lavish, Creeping Tools. { Mr. Williams,
 { Mr. Wiltshire.
Bowman's for Mischief all, and carry's on
 With Faun and Sneer as Gilting *Whigg* has done, }
 But like theirs too, his Projects are o'r thrown.
 Sweet Mistris *Corall* here has lost her Lover,
 Pshaw *English* or *Irish* ground shall find another.
 Poor Madam *Butler* too, are you defeated, To Mrs. Butler.
 You never were before so basely Cheated.
 Here Mistris *Betty*, Hah! she's grown a very Woman,
 Thou'st got me Child, better me than no man.
 Here's Blundering *Richards* is my Huffing Esquire,
 Damn me, the best in *England's* for't, d'e hear.
 Is that your Cue come nearer, Faith thy Face

Has Features not unlike *Joe Hains's* Grace.
 Impudence assist thee, and boldly try
 To speak for us, and for the Comedy.

Mr. Richards *Speaks*.

I'll do't Gallants, I'll Justify this Play;
 Od zoons 'tis Good, and if you lik'd (*sic*) you may.

LONDON, Printed for J. V., 1682.

[Reprinted from the original small-folio leaf which is printed on both sides.

Although there is, apparently, another copy of it in the Chetham Collection, it has altogether escaped notice. Students of the stage-history of the period were aware that Mrs. Behn had written an Epilogue for what was thought to have been a revival of Randolph's "*Jealous Lovers*," in 1682. The leaf, now reproduced, shows that it was an alteration, under a new title, supplies the names of some of the actors, and also enables us to date the performance with some approach to exactness.

Upon the first two points it speaks for itself. The following facts seem to warrant one in fixing the date of the production as of some day between 11th and 25th March. The Court left Whitehall for Newmarket 4th March 1682¹: the Duke of York arrived at Yarmouth 10th March, and left on the following day for Newmarket, whither most of the nobility resorted to pay their respects to him²: the reference in the sixth line of the Epilogue is to the action in which Mr. Bolsworth was the Plaintiff and Mr. Pilkington, one of the Sheriffs of London, the Defendant, and which was tried in March, before the 25th of the month, at the Surrey Assizes held at Southwark: the Plaintiff complained that the Defendant had said of him, "You are a broken fellow, goe home and pay your debts, and altho' he could not prove he had any damage thereby, and the defendant proved the plaintiff first very rudely provok'd him; yet the jury, to the astonishment of most, brought in 800*l*. damages for the plaintiff."² One regrets to add that the defendant's application for a new trial was unsuccessful, and he was compelled by execution to pay the money.

It seems unnecessary to say anything about the players, except to indicate that "*Mr. Gevan*" is "*Jevon*" (just as "*Gilting*" should be "*Jilting Whigg*"), and "*Sweet Mistris*" "*Corall*" is Mrs. Curren. I should be glad to be able to identify "*Mistris Betty*."

The Epilogue to "*The Jealous Lovers*," although itself defective, clears up some points in that which appears on the single-sheet, so I have decided to reprint it here.

¹ Luttrell : *Brief Relation*, I., 168.

² *Ibid*, 171.

Epilogue
To the
Jealous Lovers.

By Mrs. Behn, in 1682.

And how, and how *Mesieurs* ! what do you say
To our good moderate, Conscientious Play?
Not Whig, nor Tory, here can take Offence;
It Libels neither *Patriot*, *Peer*, nor *Prince*.
Nor *Shrieve*, nor *Burgess*, nor the Reverend *Gown*,
Faith here's no scandal worth eight hundred pound; }
Your Damage is at most but half a Crown :
Only this difference you must allow,
'Tis you receive th' Affront and pay us too, }
Wou'd Rebell WARD had manag'd matters so. }
Here's no Reflections on Damn'd Witnesses,
We scorn such out-of-Fashion'd-things as these;
They fail to be believ'd, and fail to please.
No Salamanca Doctor-ship abus'd,
Nor a Malicious *States-man* here accus'd;
No Smutty Scenes, no intrigues up Stairs,
That make your *City* wives in Love with *Players*.
But here are fools of every sort and Fashion,
Except State-Fools, the Tools of *Reformation*, }
Or Cullys of the Court-*Association*.
And those Originals decline so fast,
We shall have none to Copy by at last;
Here's *Jo*, and *Jack* a pair of whining Fools.
And *Ligh* and *I* brisk Lavish keeping Fools (*sic*).
He's for mischief all, and carry's it on
With *Fawne* and *Sneere*, as *Jilting Whigg* has done.
And like theirs too his Projects are o'rethrown.

Miscellany, Being A Collection Of Poems
By several Hands . . . 1685 (8vo), p. 263.]

AN
ELEGY

On that Worthy and Famous Actor,
Mr. CHARLES HART,
Who departed this Life *Thursday August* the 18th, 1683.

Can HART be dead, and yet neglected lie, }
Like vulgar Trophies of Mortality, }
Nor have His Name shrin'd in an *Elegy*? }
Hence Modern Wits, *Apollo's Bastard-brood*;
If not for *Him*, mourn your *Ingratitude*.
You oft have Verse on *meaner* Subjects made;
None shou'd give *Presents*, and leave *Debts* unpaid.
Unthankful Tribe! how can ye silent be,
And let His *Fame* earth with his *Corps*, when He
Gave both your Works and You Eternity.
Thus lighted Tapers round their Flames do cast,
And but for *Others Good*, *Themselves* they waste.

Pardon, *bright Saint*, if now my weaker Verse
Appear in sighing o'r Thy *Glorious Herse*,
To chide bold Death, and our vast Loss bewail;
Our Loss, which nought on Earth can countervail:
For where's a Name like HART, that has the Pow'r,
Can force all eyes t' a Tributary Show'r?
Whose Sins begot no *Libels*, whom the Poor
For *Benefit*, the Rich for *Worth* adore;
Who liv'd a *Phœnix*, who Himself deny'd.
And to warm Passion a cold Martyr dy'd,

Sure He's not dead? Such were His looks, when He
 Wou'd counterfeit a Death in *Tragedy*.
 But, ah! He's gone too sure; Cold is His Brow,
 And th' busie Pulse for ever's idle now;
 His Tongue, which late such Melody did arm,
 As could to Extasie the Hearers charm;
 Whose Sweetness (*as we thought*) might *Fate o'rcome*,
 And make him change his Rigour, now is dumb.
 Silent as Sleep He lies, His latest Breath
Life's Epilogue spoke, and all is still as *Death*.

Farewel! Thou Darling of *Melpomene*;
 The *Best* but *Imitate*, *None Equal Thee*;
 With Thee the Glory of the Stage is fled,
 The *Heroe*, *Lover*, both with HART lie dead:
 Of whom all speak, when of His Parts they tell,
 Not as of *Man*, but some great *Miracle*.
 Such Pow'r He had o'r the Spectators gain'd,
 As forc'd a *Real* Passion from a *Feign'd*.
 For when they saw AMINTOR bleed, strait all
 The House, for every Drop, a Tear let fall;
 And when ARBACES wept by sympathy,
 A flowing Tide of Wo gush'd from each Eye.
 Then, when he would our easie Grievs beguile
 Or CELADON or PEREZ made us smile:
 Thus our Affections He or *Rais'd*, or *Lay'd*,
Mirth, *Grief* and *Love* by wondrous Art He sway'd.

Let no detracting Tongue dare wound his Fame, }
 Nor the Precise 'gainst *Actors* more exclaim, }
 HART has restor'd their Credit, grac'd their Name. }
 His Life the Stage instructed, and now dead,
 We're taught by Him the Worlds gay Stage to tread.
 Oh happy me! in such a Time brought forth,
 As to behold such Goodness, and such Worth.
 All that was Excellent we in Him might see,
 Servant to Justice, and strict Honesty;
 So Pure each Scene of's Life was, scarce we can
 Find Vice enough, to say He was but Man.

His unexempl'd Virtues have no end,
 He was a Loyal Subject, Faithful Friend :
 Mans Favourite, and th' Almighty was He too,
 Each hour His Alms and Pray'rs did Heav'n pursue, }
 Secur'd of which bright Mansion, hence he flew.

And now, shou'd I aspire each Grace to Praise,
 A Work t' astonish Wonder I must raise
 But oh, blest Soul ! since great our Loss appears,
 Permit me bath Thy Memory in Tears ;
 For Thy surviving Fame can never die,
 Confin'd to nothing but Eternity.
 While Thy blest *Life & Death* to th' *Best* give *Laws*, }
 And each this certain Truth from Envy draws,
 HART ne'r made *Exit* yet without Applause.

Printed by *Nath. Thompson*, at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden* near *Charing-Cross*, 1683.

[This is reprinted from the original broadside, of which, except that in the Luttrell Collection in the British Museum, I believe no other copy has survived. It is constantly stated that Hart was a relative of Shakespeare, but it is difficult to suppose that there would not have been many contemporary references to this relationship, if it had existed, and none has yet been found.

Amintor, Arbaces and Perez are characters in the Beaumont and Fletcher plays, *The Maid's Tragedy*, *A King and No King*, and *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* : Celadon is in *Dryden's Secret Love*.

This broadside is the only source of information for the date of Hart's death : according to Genest (I., 375) he was buried at Stanmore Magna on Aug. 20th.]

AN
ELEGY

In Commemoration of
Madam Ellenor Gwinn,
Who Departed this Life on the 14th of *November*,
Anno Dom. 1687.

Must She thus Die, has an Eternal Sleep,
Seiz'd each Great Muse, that all sad Silence keep?
Not to be Wak'd ath' (*sic*) Melancholy Sound
That Spreads it self, enlarging all around, }
And does our Hearts with Grief and Wonder Wound ; }
To Death's Embraces must She Yield and Lie
Embalm'd in Dust, without an *ELEGY* ;
No, rather let me come with Tribute Verse,
And Strow some Mournful Cyprus on her Hearse :
Admit me as a Cipher here to come,
Who, though am (*sic*) Nothing, yet can raise a Sum.
Speak then my Muse, and Speak in such a Strain,
As may fit Audience from the World obtain.
Speak, though like Grief her self, when Clad in Woe,
To Melancholy Seats She hasts, which Flow
With Floods of Tears, are hung with Weeping Eyes, }
And Seal'd with Sighs and Groans that thither Rise, }
Whilst Loud Laments break through and Storm the Skies ; }
Tell that a Glorious Beauty is with drawn
To Silent Seats of Everlasting Dawn,
Cropt like a Gay Flower by some Rude Hand,
Or like a Blossom by the North Winds Fan'd ;
As quick, as if her Fate had been in haste,
She's set in Death, She upon whom were plac'd
The willing Eyes of Numbers She Releiv'd,

Cou'd not from Death be by their Prayers Repreiv'd.
 Inexorable Death no Bribe cou'd stay
 The Witty, Rich, and Beauteous must Obey, }
 When by him Summon'd to Eternal Day : }
 Yet, let's not think her Dead, who ne'r shall Die,
 Till Times ingulf'd in vast Eternity.
 'Tis but her Shaddow that we now have lost ;
 She left but this for a more during Coast,
 And is but Freed from Troubles that were hurl'd,
 Like moving Storms upon the Restless World.
 We all must go, though all not at a time,
 Some Age befriends, some snatch'd are in their Prime.
 Mankind was Dust, and must be Dust again,
 And all must Die, though none knows where nor when ;
 So have I seen an unfix'd Star Remain,
 A Time with Brightness, 'mongst the Numerous Train
 Of Glittering Fires, when darting suddainly,
 It left its Sphere no more to Light the Skie :
 But some may Cast Objections in, and say
 These scatter'd Praises that we seek to lay
 Upon her Hearse, are but the formal Way :
 Yet, when we tell them She was free from Strife,
 Curteous even to the Poor, no Pride of Life
 E're Entertaining, but did much Abound
 In Charity, and for it was Renown'd.
 Not seeking Praises (*sic*), but did vain Praise dispise,
 And at her Alms was heard no Trumpets Noise,
 And how again, we let them further see,
 That She refus'd and hated Flattery ;
 And far from her Dissemblers did Command,
 We may have Hopes her Fame for this may stand.
 However, let the softer Beautys come,
 And bring their Wreaths of Flowers to Deck her Tomb ;
 Mix'd with the Mournful Ciperus and Yew,
 Weep that the Witty and the Gay withdrew.
 Leaving the World so soon, let all the Train
 Of those that Fed upon her Bounty Drain
 Their full Eyes, and of Death's Cruelty Complain,
 That he by not permitting her to stay,

Took that sad Hour, their Maintenance away.
 Let all those that She has advanc'd appear,
 And in their Eyes, their Silent Sorrow wear;
 Till every mourner for a time, become
 Sad as her Fate, and like her Lifeless Body Dumb.

EPITAPH.

*If Beauty, Wit, or Friends had power to save
 Alive, what this Tomb does from Death Receive,
 It had not yet been here; yet Reader, spare
 Not on this Dust, to drop a Friendly Tear.
 'Tis only Dust lies cover'd in this Tomb,
 Her Fame and Soul Employ a larger Room.*

WITH ALLOWANCE.

LONDON, Printed by D. Mallet, next Door to the Sign of the
 Star, between *Fleet Bridge* and *Bridewell-Bridge*, 1687.

[Reprinted from a folio broadside, the upper part of which is ornamented by a particularly repulsive skull, cross-bones, winged hour-glass, pick-axes and spades. There is, as far as I know, no record of it in any bibliography, and it seems also to have eluded Cunningham and his annotators.

I am afraid it must be confessed that these lines, like some others in this collection, owe their interest very much more to their subject than to their treatment of it, but it is pleasant to have other contemporary testimony to the wit, good temper and charity of Nell Gwyn.

It is a curious fact that at one time considerable doubt existed as to the date of her death: "Granger says she died in 1687—others say in 1691"—(Genest, I., 384.) In Wewitzer's "Dramatic Chronology," 1817, the very day—March 14—in 1691 is actually stated. This broadside confirms that given by Luttrell ("Brief Relation," I., 420), which is now generally accepted.]

AN ELEGY

UPON

The Death of Mrs. A. BEHN ;

The Incomparable ASTREA.

By a Young Lady of Quality.

I.

Summon the Earth (the fair *Astrea's* gone),
 And let through every Angle fly,
 Till it has fill'd the mighty Round,
 And thence arise to the expanded Sky,
 In Murmurs for the misery done,
 To see if Heaven, Heaven will our Grief supply,
 With Tears enough to mourn her Destiny.
 Assemble all the Crowds below,
 You that Obedience to the Muses owe,
 And teach the Sighing Maids to mourn,
 With unbound Hair, and flowing Tears,
 In Strains as moving as her Numbers were,
 The mighty Desolation, mighty Woe.
 Teach them in Charming Accents, such as once
 She did the list'ning Crowds inform,
 When high as Heaven her Praise was born,
 And taught the Angels to rejoyce,
 In sweeter, truer Numbers than before,
 In all their bright Seraphick Store,
 Had ever tun'd their Heavenly Voice :
 And thus prepar'd, let them the Loss deplore,
 The charming wise *Astrea* is no more.

II.

What have we done? What have our Crimes deserv'd?

Why this injurious Rape?

The World is Widdow'd now,

And Desolation every where

With dismal Groans invades the Air ;

My sullen Muse, that ne're before

The sacred Title wore,

Untaught, unpractis'd, has preferred

(For none from Mourning can escape)

In uneven Strains, and much below

All but my Grief,

To tell the World their Universal Woe,

Which ne're can hope Relief :

'Tis an implacable Decree,

That Languishments, Diseases, Death,

Must attend all that live on Earth.

Cannot those Hours we here possess,

From Fate, and those attendant Ills, be free,

That ravish hence our Happiness,

But in Diseases, Murmurs, Strife,

Made pass away our hasty Life?

When if it uncontroul'd did bloom,

Exempt from Anguishes or Fears,

Who then would offer up their Tears.

To see their beck'ning Fate were come

After a Life supinely run?

But now in Pain that ling'ring Span must waste,

Which Sighing terminates in Death at last,

And Kills with us the sense of Danger past.

III.

Can no distinction here be own'd?

Must Death for ever stand thus arm'd,

To snatch a Soul Divinely form'd?

Must that then Triumph over all?

Give all below a Fatal Wound,

Then urge it is but Natural?
 Ah ! how inglorious is our Fate,
 How rigid, and how desperate?
 We're flattered with the pleasing Tale ;
 In us the form of Gods are seen ;
 Fond Ignorance, for they are all Divine,
 Exempt from all we fear :
 Nor can their Beings ever fail,
 As those that wander here.
 Hence then, thou false receiv'd Belief, begone,
 And let us see, we're like our selves alone.

IV.

Who now of all the inspired Race,
 Shall take *Orinda's* Place?
 Or who the Hero's Fame shall raise?
 Who now shall fill the Vacant Throne?
 The bright *Astrea's* gone,

V.

And with her all that heavenly Wit,
 And charming Wonders of her Face,
 On which with more we gaz'd,
 And claim'd a Title to our Praise.
 The Graces too have made their flight,
 All to inglorious Fate submit :
 To Fate, which draws us to that nearer sight
 Of Death, and everlasting Night,
 Where Silence her chief Empire sways,
 And hurls a gloomy Shade around
 The hollow unexhausted Ground,
 Which all Return denies :
 For when the sick'ning Soul decays,
 Languishes, sighs and dyes,
 She bids an everlasting long Adieu
 To all the World, and all she valu'd too.

VI.

Let all our Hopes despair and dye,
 Our Sex for ever shall neglected lye;
 Aspiring Man has now regain'd the Sway,
 To them we've lost the Dismal Day :
Astrea an equal Ballance held,
 (Tho' she deserv'd it all ;)

But now the rich inheritance must fall ;
 To them with Grief we yeild
 The Glorious envy'd Field.
 Of her own Sex, not one is found
 Who dares her Laurel wear,
 Withheld by Impotence or Fear ;
 With her it withers on the Ground,
 Untouch'd, and cold as she,
 And Reverenc'd to that degree,
 That none will dare to save
 The Sacred Relick from the Grave ;
 Intomb'd with her, and never to return,
 Fills up the narrow Urn,
 Which more Presumption, or more Courage has than we.

VII.

In Love she had the softest sense ;
 And had her Virtue been as great,
 In Heaven she'd fill'd the foremost Seat.
 This failure, or she had Immortal been,
 And free as Angels are from Sin ;
 'Twas pity that she practis'd what she taught ;
 Her Muse was of the bolder Sex ;
 Such Mysteries of Love she did dispence,
 Such moving natural Eloquence,
 As made her too much Wit her fault.
 Her ever-loyal Muse took no pretext,
 To discommend what once it prais'd ;
 And what has most her Glory rais'd,
 Her Royal Master she has follow'd home,
 Nor would endure the World when he had lost his Throne.

VIII.

Hail! the Elizian Shades, and bright *Orinda*, hail!
 They now much happier are than we;
 Their Triumphs are but now begun;
 What we have lost, the Shades have won:
 Her Presence makes their Harmony,
 For ever we must disagree.
 See then, and do not fail,
 To entertain the welcom Guest.
 And sing her Praise above the rest.
 For she deserves the Triumph best,
 Meet her, ye Amorous Lovers, and Adore
 Her Shade, before
 The Nymphs for whom you Fetters wore.
 Her Care was most for you,
 For still she gave to Sacred Love its due,
 Reveal'd more Mysteries than *Ovid* knew:
 Joyn all the Glorious Shades, and sing *Astrea's* Praise,
 Whilst her unhappy Monument we raise.

FINIS.

Apr. 22, 1689. This may be Printed. ROB. MIDGLEY.
 London, Printed by E. J. 1689.

[Reprinted from the original broadside, of which no mention has been found.

Aphra Behn died April 16, 1689, and on April 20 was buried in the East Cloister of Westminster Abbey, where the stone covering her grave may still be seen. The inscription upon it, as originally cut, was

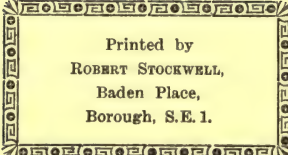
Here lies a Proof that Wit can never be
 Defence enough against Mortality.

And so it remained until, at some date between 1723 and 1747, one Mr. Thomas Waine, to use what I suppose were his own words, "In respect of so bright a genius," revived it, causing the above couplet to be re-cut, and adding, or perhaps leaving the stone-mason to add,

Great Poetess, O thy stupendous lays
 The world admires, and the Muses praise.

Shortly before the publication of Col. Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers" in 1876, the inscription again needed attention, when the original couplet only was reproduced.

Many people, one supposes, might be reproached for not exemplifying their doctrine in their own lives; poor Aphra is perhaps singular in having provoked her elegist to regret "that she practis'd what she taught," but, as she herself has said (see p. 39 *ante*) "Reader, you remember, I suppose, a fusty piece of Latine . . . in favour of the dead."]



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ROBERT STOCKWELL,
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